

BELL

NO. 875 10¢

WAGON TRAIN

featuring **WARD BOND**

Rolling
west
to trouble!



THE WAGONS ROLL ON and each day the danger mounts...



Will it be a raid
by outlaws...



or an attack by
renegade Indians?



**No one knows, but the strong will of the wagon master
and the skill of the scout will cope with any situation!**

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WAGON TRAIN

FURY AT BLUE RIVER



THE MASSIVE MOVE WESTWARD BY WAGON TRAINS OF EMIGRANTS, HOMESTEADERS, AND GOLD SEEKERS ENTAILED MANY HARDSHIPS... NEW TRAILS HAD TO BE FORGED AND UNEXPLORED TERRITORY HAD TO BE CROSSED...

THE WAGON MASTER AND INDIAN SCOUT HAD TO BE EVER ALERT TO THE DANGERS OF THE TRAIL...



EACH MILE BROUGHT A NEW PROBLEM AND EVERY MEMBER OF THE WAGON TRAIN HAD A JOB TO DO...



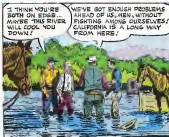
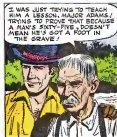
YOUNG AND OLD ALICE FELT THE STRAIN OF BACK-BREAKING TRAVEL AND NERVES WERE ON EDGE...



FULL HARDER, GRANDPA! PULL HARDER!

YOU JUST HOLD THOSE REINS, TIR! LEAVE THESE CONSUMING, STUBBORN HORSES TO ME!

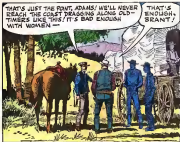
AND SOMETIMES, TEMPER
ERUPTED INTO VIOLENCE ...



THAT'S JUST THE POINT, ADAMS! WE'LL NEVER REACH THE COAST DRAGGING ALONG OLD-TIMERS LIKE THIS! IT'S BAD ENOUGH WITH WOMEN —

THAT'S ENOUGH, BRANT!

MY GRANDPA'S NOT OLD! HE USED TO BE A U.S. MARSHAL... AND HE'S THE BRAVEST MAN IN THE WHOLE WORLD!



DON'T BOTHER TRYING TO TELL HIM, YOUNGESTER... MAYBE ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL JUST HAVE TO PROVE IT TO HIM!

YOU'LL DO IT, TOO, GRANDPA! I KNOW YOU WILL!



BETTER HOLD YOUR TEMPER DOWN FROM NOW ON, BRANT! LEAVE WILL DAVIS ALONE!

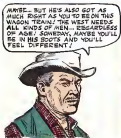
HE'S JUST AS MUCH AT FAULT AS I AM!



MAYBE... BUT HE'S ALSO GOT AS MUCH RIGHT AS YOU TO BE ON THIS WAGON TEAM! THE WEST NEEDS ALL KINDS OF MEN... REGARDLESS OF AGE! SOMEDAY, MAYBE YOU'LL BE IN HIS BOOTS AND YOU'LL FEEL DIFFERENT!

NOT A VERY FRIENDLY CUSS, IS HE, MAJOR?

NO, FLINT... BUT MAYBE BEFORE THIS TRIP IS OVER, HE'LL CHANGE HIS MIND ABOUT A LOT OF THINGS!



THE LAST WAGON CROSSES THE RIVER
AND THE CARAVAN OF PIONEERS ONCE
AGAIN MOVES WESTWARD...



THE WEARY TRAVELERS LOOK
FORWARD TO THE NIGHT OF REST...



...FACING THE DAWN AGAIN WITH
RENEWED STRENGTH AND HOPE...



THEN, ONE MORNING, AFTER DAYS WITHOUT INCIDENT, FLINT
MCULLOUGH RETURNS EXCITEDLY FROM A SCOUTING MISSION...



UP AHEAD ABOUT A HALF-MILE... TWO WAGONS HAVE BEEN BURNED AND SOME MEN KILLED! LOOKS LIKE IT HAPPENED A FEW DAYS AGO!

ANY SIGN OF INDIANS?



NO, SIR, THAT'S WHAT'S SO PUZZLING, MAJOR... I DON'T THINK THOSE WAGONS WERE ATTACKED BY INDIANS! IT LOOKS LIKE THE WORK OF OUTLAWS!



I WAS AFRAID OF THIS... I'D HEARD REPORTS THERE WERE A GROUP OF RAIDERS OPERATING IN THIS AREA!

MAJOR, WE'D BETTER TAKE ANOTHER TRAIL, MAJOR!



WE CAN'T DO THAT, FLINT! WE'RE APPROACHING THE BLUE RIVER... THERE ISN'T ANOTHER PLACE FOR A HUNDRED MILES WHERE WE CAN FORD THOSE CURRENTS EXCEPT THE ONE WE'VE GOT CHARTED ON OUR MAPS!



WE'LL JUST HAVE TO BE DOUBLY CAREFUL! BETTER PASS THE WORD BACK! TELL EVERYONE TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT... AND GET THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN INSIDE THE WAGONS!

RIGHT, MAJOR!



FLINT SPREADS THE WORD AMONG THE MEMBERS OF THE WAGON TRAIN... DANGER AHEAD!



THE VICTIMS OF THE OUTLAW'S ATTACK ARE GIVEN A DECENT BURIAL... THROUGHOUT THE WAGON TRAIN, THE TENSION AND FEAR HAS SPREAD...



WE'RE NOT AFRAID OF ANY OLD OUTLAWS, ARE WE, GRANDPA? YOU'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO!

IF THEY COME, I'LL DO MY BEST, TIM— NOW YOU GO ON BACK WITH YOUR MA AND PA!



BUT I WANT TO STAY WITH YOU, GRANDPA!

NOT THIS TIME, SON! YOUR MA'S GOING TO NEED YOU WITH HER! I'LL GET ALONG ALL RIGHT BY MYSELF!



WANT ME TO TAKE OVER YOUR WAGON, OLD-TIMER? SEEMS YOU OUGHT TO BE INSIDE WITH THE OTHERS!

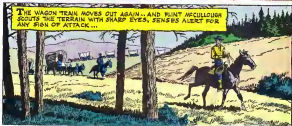
YOU JUST TEND TO YOUR OWN HIDE, SONNY! I'LL TAKE CARE OF MINE!



OKAY, MARSHAL! BUT DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU!

SONNY, I CAN SEE NOW I SHOULD HAVE DROPPED YOU GOOD AND PROPER AT THAT RIVER WHEN I HAD THE CHANCE!





IT'LL BE DARK SOON! THEY WON'T TRY CROSSING THE RIVER TILL DAYLIGHT! WE'LL HIT WHEN MOST OF THEM WILL BE ASLEEP— TONIGHT!



REST UP GOOD, BOYS! WE'RE GOING TO BE MIGHTY BUSY BEFORE SUN-UP TOMORROW!



THAT NIGHT...

STILL QUIET OUT THERE, MAJOR... TOO QUIET!

THE LULL BEFORE THE STORM, FLINT...



YOU REALLY FIGURE THESE RAIDERS ARE GOING TO ATTACK US, ADAMS?

THERE'S NO WAY OF KNOWING, BRANT... ALL WE CAN DO IS WAIT!



JUST LET THEM COME! I'M READY FOR THEM!



WANT ME TO RELIEVE ONE OF THE MEN ON GUARD DUTY, MAJOR?

THANKS, — BUT I THINK WE'RE SET FOR NOW! WHY DON'T YOU GET SOME SLEEP!



A MAN CAN'T SLEEP WHEN HE'S SITTING ON A STICK OF DYNAMITE! ANYWAY, IF THOSE OUTLAWS SHOW UP, I WANT MY EYES OPEN!

FIGHTING OUTLAWS IS A JOB FOR YOUNG MEN, BISTER!

WAY I SEE IT, SONNY, A FIGHT'S A FIGHT.. IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO'S HOLDING THE GUN - IT'S HOW HE USES IT THAT COUNTS!



SOMETIME LATER...

GET READY, BOYS! HIT THE SUPPLY WAGONS FIRST!



ONE OUTLAW QUIETLY TAKES A GROSSINE LANTERN FROM THE SIDE OF A WAGON...



AND THEN...





SUDDENLY, THE CAMP IS AWAKENED BY THE CRY OF FIRE... AND THE OUTLAWS MOVE SWIFTLY, PRACTICALLY UNNOTICED IN THE CONFUSION...

QUICKLY, A BUCKET BERSADE IS ORGANIZED IN AN ATTEMPT TO PUT OUT THE BLAZE...



THE OUTLAWS HIT FAST, REMOVING GUNS AND VALUABLES FROM THE SUPPLY WAGONS...



WILL DAVIS IS THE FIRST TO SPOT THE OUTLAWS...



THE OUTLAWS FLEE IN
A BLAZE OF GUNFIRE
AS WILL'S SHOUT ALERTS
THE CAMP...



FLINT TACKLES ONE OF THE OUTLAWS...

UNNNHHH!



WITH A SMASHING BLOW TO THE JAW,
THE SCOUT BRINGS HIM DOWN...



THE REMAINING OUTLAWS RIDE OUT
UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS...

THEY'RE GETTING AWAY, MAJOR!

WE GOT TWO OF 'EM, FLINT! IT'S
TOO DARK TO FOLLOW THE OTHERS!





AT LEAST NO ONE HERE IN CAMP WAS HURT!

YOU CAN THANK WILL DAVIS FOR THAT, BRANT! THOSE OUTLAWS MIGHT HAVE BEEN A LOT MORE SUCCESSFUL IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR HIM!

ALL RIGHT! START TALKING, AUSTER! WHERE DO THE REST OF YOUR MEN HIDE OUT?

ABOUT A MILE UP THE BLUE RIVER... BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET THEM! THAT TRAIL'S LIKE A JUNGLE!



THIS IS A JOB FOR ONE MAN, MAJOR! IF A BUNCH OF US GO UP THAT RIVER THEY'LL SCATTER WHEN THEY HEAR US COMING!



I BEEN TRACKING OUTLAWS ALL MY LIFE... LET ME GO AFTER THEM!

YOU? THOSE OUTLAWS WOULD MAKE FISH EAT OUT OF YOU, GRANDPA!



WE CAN'T LET YOU DO IT, WILL... THIS ISN'T YOUR RESPONSIBILITY!

BUT THERE ARE OTHER WAGON TRAINS COMING THROUGH HERE... WE CAN'T MOVE ON WITHOUT DOING SOMETHING!



WE'LL DO SOMETHING... FLINT AND I WILL RIDE UP BLUE RIVER IN THE MORNING--THE REST OF YOU CAN START GETTING THE WAGONS ACROSS THE RIVER! WITH LUCK, WE'LL BE BACK BY TOMORROW NIGHT!



I'LL LET PETE AND CY WATCH THIS ONE! WE'LL TURN HIM OVER TO THE LAW AT FORT WILLIAMS!

YOU GET SOME SLEEP, WILL! WE'VE ALL HAD A ROUGH NIGHT!



BUT LATER, WILL WORKS QUIETLY INSIDE HIS WAGON, PACKING GEAR IN HIS SADDLE BAGS...

DONBOONED IF ANYBODY AROUND HERE THINKS I KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT... WELL, I'LL JUST SHOW THEM!



AND AT DAWN, HE PREPARES TO LEAVE...

BUT, GRANDPA... MAJOR ADAMS WARNED THAT NOBODY WAS TO LEAVE THE WAGON TRAIN CAMP!

NEVER YOU MIND, TIM! THIS IS OUR SECRET!



THE OLD MARSHAL SILENTLY RIDES OUT OF THE SLEEPING CAMP...

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, SON! I HAVEN'T LIVED THIS LONG FOR NOTHING!



A SHORT TIME LATER...

LOOK, BOY! I'M ORDERING YOU TO TELL US! WHERE IS YOUR GRANDFATHER?

IT'S IMPORTANT, SON... HIS LIFE IS AT STAKE!



BUT HE TOLD ME NOT TO SAY ANYTHING... I...

WE ONLY WANT TO HELP HIM!



WELL, I GUESS IT'S ALL
RIGHT, THEN! HE'S GONE
UP THE RIVER AFTER
THOSE OUTLAWS! LEFT
ABOUT HALF HOUR AGO!



I WAS AFRAID OF THIS! COME
ON, FLINT! WE'VE GOT TO
RIDE FAST!

I'LL GO WITH
YOU, MAJOR!



ALL RIGHT, BUT JUST REMEMBER,
BRYANT... WHEN WE FIND WILL
DAVIS, KEEP YOUR OPINIONS
TO YOURSELF! HE'S ONLY
DOING WHAT HE THINKS
IS RIGHT!

SURE, MAJOR
...I'LL KEEP
QUIET THIS
TIME ...



...BUT I DOUBT IF THERE'LL
BE ANYTHING TO SAY ANYWAY!
WHEN WE FIND HIM, HE'LL
PROBABLY BE DEAD!

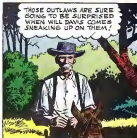


ON THE RIVER TRAIL, WILL DAVIS RIDES
WITH DETERMINATION...

SURE FEELS GOOD TO BE ON
THE TRAIL AGAIN... JUST
LIKE THE OLD DAYS ...



THOSE OUTLAWS ARE SURE
GOING TO BE SURPRISED
WHEN WILL DAVIS COMES
SNEAKING UP ON THEM!





THEN, SUDDENLY,
FLINT, BEANT AND
MAJOR ADAMS
RIDE IN, GUNS
BLAZING...

BAM! BAM! BAM!



FLINT DIVES FROM THE SADDLE, BRINGING
DOWN THE LEADER OF THE RAIDERS...

WHUMP!



YOU ALL
RIGHT,
WILL?

SURE, MAJOR! JUST SCRATCHED
UP A LITTLE! DON'T WORRY
ABOUT ME!



THE LAST RAIDER ATTEMPTS TO FLEE ...

BUT WILL DAVIS BRINGS HIM DOWN
WITH A WELL-PLACED SHOT...

BAM!



FURT FINISHES OFF THE LEADER AS THE OTHERS ROUND UP THE WOUNDED RAIDERS...



YOU'RE A BEAVE MAN, WILL ... BUT GOING ALONE WAS A FOOLISH THING TO DO!

I KNOW THAT NOW, MAJOR—BUT I JUST HAD TO PROVE THAT I WAS STILL ABLE TO PULL MY OWN WEIGHT.



YOU SURE PROVED IT TO ME, WILL! I'VE BEEN WRONG ABOUT A LOT OF THINGS! I HOPE YOU'LL ACCEPT MY APOLOGY!



I SURE WILL, DEANT! WE'VE BOTH BEEN WRONG! MAYBE THIS WILL TEACH US IT TAKES CO-OPERATION TO GET THE JOB DONE!



LET'S GET BACK TO THE WAGON TRAIN, WILL! I THINK YOU'VE GOT A GRAMPSON BACK THERE WHO'S GOING TO BE ALL SMILES!

WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME A BIT, MAJORS! NOT A BIT!



WAGON TRAIN

SIoux AMBUSH

OH-OH! FLINT'S IN A BIG
HURRY! SOMETHING'S WRONG!

ON THE HOT, ARID PLAINS, THE WAGON TRAIN,
LED BY WAGONMASTER MAJOR ADAMS, MOVES
SLOWLY ALONG THE OVERLAND TRAIL ON THE
JOURNEY WESTWARD. ALL EYES ARE WATCHFUL
FOR ROVING BANDS OF RENEGADE SIOUX...

SCOUT FLINT MCCULLOUGH REINS
UP HARD IN FRONT OF ADAMS...

SIOUX, MAJOR ADAMS!
ABOUT TWO MILES WEST!

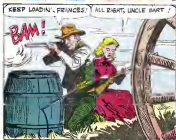
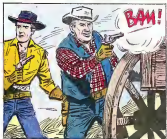
HOW MANY
OF 'EM?

FORTY, I'D SAY, MAYBE
MORE! AND PAINTED LIKE
A WAR PARTY! THEY'RE
HEADED THIS WAY FAST!



AS THE BATTLE EASES ON, THE SIOUX CIRCLE CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE DEFENDERS. WOUNDED FALL ON BOTH SIDES, YET THE RENEGADES FIGHT ON FURIOUSLY...

BAM! BAM! BAM!



KEEP LOADIN', FRANCES! ALL RIGHT, UNCLE BART!



THE DEADLY AIM OF THE SIOUX TAKES ITS TOLL...





I'M AFRAID YOUR UNCLE IS RIGHT, MISS! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO LEAVE YOUR BOOKS BEHIND!

WHAT?

THOSE SIOUX WILL BE BACK AT DAWN! OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO MAKE A RUN FOR IT TONIGHT! WITH LUCK, WE CAN REACH THE ABANDONED FORT AT TWIN OAKS!



BUT... MY BOOKS!

WE'LL HAVE TO UNLOAD EVERYTHING BUT THE BARE ESSENTIALS IF WE EXPECT TO MAKE IT! THE LIGHTER THE WAGONS, THE FASTER WE'LL MAKE IT!

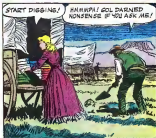


FLINT... ALERT THE OTHERS! TELL THEM TO START UNLOADING! WE'LL BE LUCKY IF WE GET OUT OF THIS WITH OUR WAGONS... AND OUR SKINS!

YES, SIR!



GET THAT SHOVEL, UNCLE BART! NOBODY'S GOING TO GET MY BOOKS!



START DIGGING!

HAIRRA! GOL DARNED NONSENSE IF YOU ASK ME!



AS THE WAGON TRAIN
DISAPPEARS OVER THE
HORIZON, THE RENEGADE
SIOUX RIDE DOWN TO
RAVAGE THE SUPPLIES
LEFT BEHIND...



THEY TAKE WHAT THEY CAN USE,
THEN PUT THE REST TO THE TORCH...



TREASURED BELONGINGS
GO UP IN SMOKE AS THE
SIOUX LOOK ON...



BUT THE ONE THING THE SIOUX
MISS IS THE MARKER COVERING
THE GRAVE OF KNOWLEDGE -
THE SCHOOTEACHER'S BOOKS...



AT DAWN, AFTER AN ALL-NIGHT FLIGHT, THE WEARY MEMBERS OF THE WAGON TRAIN ARRIVE AT THE ABANDONED FORT.

THERE'S THE FORT!

YIPPEE! WE MADE IT!



SHALL I POST GUARDS, MAJOR?

YES! BUT I DON'T THINK THE SIOUX WILL BE FOOLISH ENOUGH TO ATTACK THE FORT!



WE'LL REST HERE UNTIL TOMORROW, THEN SHOVE OFF FOR HOBBS'S CROSSING! WE CAN GET MORE SUPPLIES THERE!

OH, MAJOR ADAMS, MAY I SPEAK TO YOU?



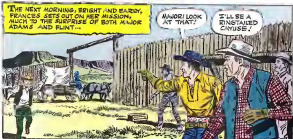
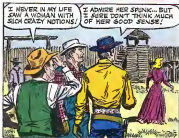
HOW LONG WILL IT BE BEFORE I CAN GO BACK AND GET MY BOOKS?

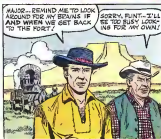
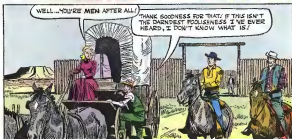
GO BACK? YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS, MISS? THAT WOULD BE SUICIDE!



I'VE TRAVELED OVER A THOUSAND MILES WITH THOSE BOOKS, SIR! I DON'T INTEND TO GIVE THEM UP!







HOURS LATER, THE SMALL GROUP ARRIVED AT THE SPOT WHERE THE ATTACK TOOK PLACE. THERE IS NO SIGN OF THE SIOUX...

LOOK AT THAT! THEY BURNED EVERYTHING!

AND THEY'RE STILL AROUND! JUST BECAUSE WE CAN'T SEE THEM DOESN'T MEAN A THING!



IF WE RIDE DOWN THERE IN THE OPEN, WE'RE AS GOOD AS DEAD, MAJOR!

I KNOW IT! WE'LL HAVE TO FIGURE A PLAN!

MAYBE YOU AND I CAN CREATE A DIVERSION WHILE BART AND MISS FRANCES DIG UP THE BOOKS!



IT'S WORTH A TRY! WHAT DO YOU SAY, BART?

I'VE COME THIS FAR! RIGHT AS WELL TRY ANY DAMNED POOL TRICK NOW!

ALL RIGHT, THEN! FLINT AND I WILL RIDE DOWN IN THE OPEN! WHEN THE SIOUX SHOW UP, THEY'LL ATTACK! WE'LL TRY TO KEEP THEM BUSY LONG ENOUGH FOR YOU TWO TO GET THE BOOKS!

AND DIG LIKE FURY!



HOPING TO DRAW THE SIOUX INTO THE OPEN, FLINT AND THE MAJOR RIDE DOWN THE SLOPE WHILE FRANCES AND BART WAIT ON THE RISE ...

GOOD LUCK, BOYS!



MAJOR... I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT I FEEL LIKE A CLAY PIGEON!

YES! BUT AT LEAST THE CLAY PIGEONS KNOW WHERE THE SHOTS ARE COMING FROM!

FRANCES AND BART WAIT WITH BAITED BREATH ...



SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING, THE SCREAMING SIOUX ATTACK ...

BAM! BAM!



FUNT AND THE MAJOS SPUR OUT
TO LEAD THEM AWAY FROM THE
SPOT WHERE THE BOOKS ARE BURIED.



SETH WIPES THE TEAM FORWARD, HEADING
DOWN THE SLOPE ...



THEY REACH THE SPOT WHERE
THE BOOKS ARE BURIED ...

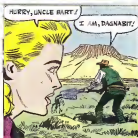


LET ME HAVE THAT SHOVEL!
YOU KEEP AN EYE OUT
FOR THE STINK!



HURRY, UNCLE BART!

I AM, DARNABIT!



MEANWHILE, FLINT AND THE MAJOR RIDE FOR THEIR LIVES, WITH THE SIOUX HOT ON THEIR TAIL ...



ONE OF THE SIOUX STRETCHES HIS BOW TAUT... LET'S FLY...



FLINT AND THE MAJOR WHEEL AND HEAD BACK FOR THE ATTACK SPOT--



THEY SHOULD HAVE THOSE BOOKS BY NOW!

FRANCES AND BART PUT THE LAST OF THE BOOKS IN THE WAGON--



HURRY, UNCLE SETH! HURRY!

BART CRACKS THE WHIP HARD AS FLINT AND THE MAJOR RACE IN...

GET 'EM GOIN', BART! WE CAN OUTFRUN THOSE INDIANS!

WHACK!



THE SIOUX, SEEING THAT THEY ARE OUTDISTANCED, REIN UP...



AND A SHORT TIME LATER...

OF ALL THE DUMB TOOL THINGS I'VE EVER HEARD OF, THIS BEATS ALL!



ONE THING SURE! IT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER RISKED MY NECK FOR SCHOOLBOOKS!

ALL OF YOU SHOULD BE PROUD OF YOURSELVES! IT ISN'T OFTEN A MAN HAS A CHANCE TO RESCUE KNOWLEDGE!



THE GROUP HEAD BACK FOR THE FORT...

YOU KNOW... I NEVER LOOKED AT IT THAT WAY AT ALL! BUT IT SURE PROVED ONE THING... AND THAT IS NEVER UNDERESTIMATE A WOMAN... ESPECIALLY A WOMAN SCHOOLTEACHER!



A FLEDGE **DELL** TO PARENTS



The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell comic chooses entirely, rather than regularly, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is our only credo and constant goal.

The SCOUT



Scouting for a wagon train is not the glamorous job it may appear to be. A scout is away from the wagons most of the time, searching for water holes, looking for new and better routes, and being constantly on the alert for Indians.



Returning to the wagons late in the afternoon, the scout reports to the wagon master - describing the country ahead and discussing the Indian sign he has seen that day.



The scout uses many old Indian tricks . . . A hunting knife driven in the ground is used to pick up vibrations made by horsemen miles away . . . The knife acts as a receiver.



Riding far in advance of the wagon train, the scout will sometimes shoot several fat buffaloes, and when the wagons catch up, a feast is in store for everyone.



Occasionally, at great personal risk, the scout acts as a decoy to distract a large war party of Indians, who are unknowingly riding toward an unsuspecting wagon train.

The WAGON MASTER



Driving a covered wagon over 2000 miles of unmapped prairie is job enough for any man . . . But to be responsible for as many as forty wagons is a gigantic task . . . This is the job of the WAGON MASTER.



When a wagon train is organized, each wagon is carefully inspected by the wagon master. If a vehicle is not in good repair, it is not allowed to join the train—for one faulty wagon can delay everyone for days.



On the trail the wagon master works closely with his scout, picking campsites where there is a good supply of water, wood, and grass for the animals . . . The camp should also be in a good defensive position.



When trail-weary tempers flare, the wagon master is the arbitrator. For, with his great responsibilities, he is the undisputed boss, regardless of the situation!



Indian attacks are common and it is the wagon master who directs the battle, using every known defensive measure to protect the pioneers of the wagon train.